

Exhibit 11

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Section: Living

QUILT, DREAMS WEAVE A NEW STORY

Julie Kimball

Tucked away on a high shelf in my linen closet, wrapped carefully in tissue paper, is a handmade baby quilt. Its flowered border surrounds squares of blue, green, and pink gingham; interspersed throughout are other squares of cheery appliqued figures: a bunny, a bear, a duck, a whale.

I bought the quilt more than 20 years ago, on a whim, at a school fair in the Jersey shore town I was covering as a cub reporter. I was single, very excited about beginning my work in journalism, and confident as only one can be at age 24 that life would work out according to my plans. I wasn't one of those baby boomers who get written up in the magazines, the ones who devoted themselves to a career until it was too late for children. I just wanted to get established in my work and then one day, in the not-too-distant future, marry and have a family. And this beautiful quilt would be waiting for them. Children were always part of the picture I drew for myself of my life.

Life, of course, had other notions. A marriage a few years later ended unhappily, and was followed by a long and, thankfully, joyful marriage to an older man and fellow journalist. New jobs, new towns, new homes, came and went, but no children arrived. It seemed I was a DES daughter -- one of several million women whose mothers were given the drug **diethylstilbestrol** when pregnant during the 1940s and 1950s. Not all, but many of these daughters have had infertility problems, and I turned out to be one of them. Children didn't seem to be in the picture after all.

Throughout all my moves -- to New York, to Washington, D.C., and most recently to Martha's Vineyard -- the little quilt traveled with me, wrapped always so carefully, the symbol of a dream I wasn't ready to give up on.

And then life took another one of its turns. After several years of waiting, last spring, my husband and I traveled to China to adopt a spunky 9-year-old girl we named Laura. Our spirited daughter is bright, athletic, sturdy, and rambunctious -- and definitely not in need of a baby quilt.

And so, last week, I took my quilt down from its shelf in the linen closet and presented it to two dearly loved friends, who have just adopted their own child, a baby boy now 6 months old. I told them the story of my quilt, and cried a little, but just a little. It was time for the quilt, and for me, to move on.

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And now as I look out my back door, my exuberant daughter is racing around the driveway on her in-line skates, calling, "Watch me, Mom! Watch me!" As she laughs gleefully, careening into an almost-perfect spin, I find that I am content.

My little quilt has found a purpose, and so, after all these years, have I.

Submissions to Readers' Forum of 800 words or fewer may be mailed to Readers' Forum, Living/Arts, Boston Globe, Box 2378, Boston, MA, 02107-2378, or faxed to 617-929-2813.

CKELLY;02/05 NIGRO ;02/08,07:25 READER08

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